Lover's Grief

Empyrium

O gothic moon thy shine encharmest me tonight
Bereavest me of sleep, makest me wander under thy light.
Thou letst abloom my heart until the very last of thy ray,
Shine! Bereaver of sleep, ere black clouds hide thee away....I know this can't be eternal!
No love hath ever conquered the borders of time!
No beauty is everlasting, not even thine!
But o how I wished your heart would fore'er be mine...Thy eyes caress myself to endure these painful lies...
The moon's persistance makest me ask...
Why can't we be stars?
Stars that shine forever...
Stars that unite with the night...At the horizon the dark stormclouds of sorrow have gathered their might,
neither the moon nor the stars reveal their light this night
...and rain is falling, pouring down into my soul,
while wild weeping clouds enwrapp me in their woe

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